


The ORACLE

JUNE 1908

Being the Year Book of the
Class of 1908, H. H. S.
—also a record of brilliant
achievements, a chronicle of plea-
sant memories, and a forecast of
future greatness of a remarkable
class. ❧ ❧ ❧

Edited by
William Lambert
Eleanor Van Cuyt
Elizabeth Pound
Wallace Pearce



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PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

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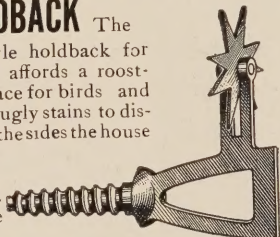
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1908

“A class whose members are distinctive for their variety of talents; for their individual high ideals; for their spirit of sympathy and friendship for one another; for their loyalty to the school and for their clannishness and pride in their class.”

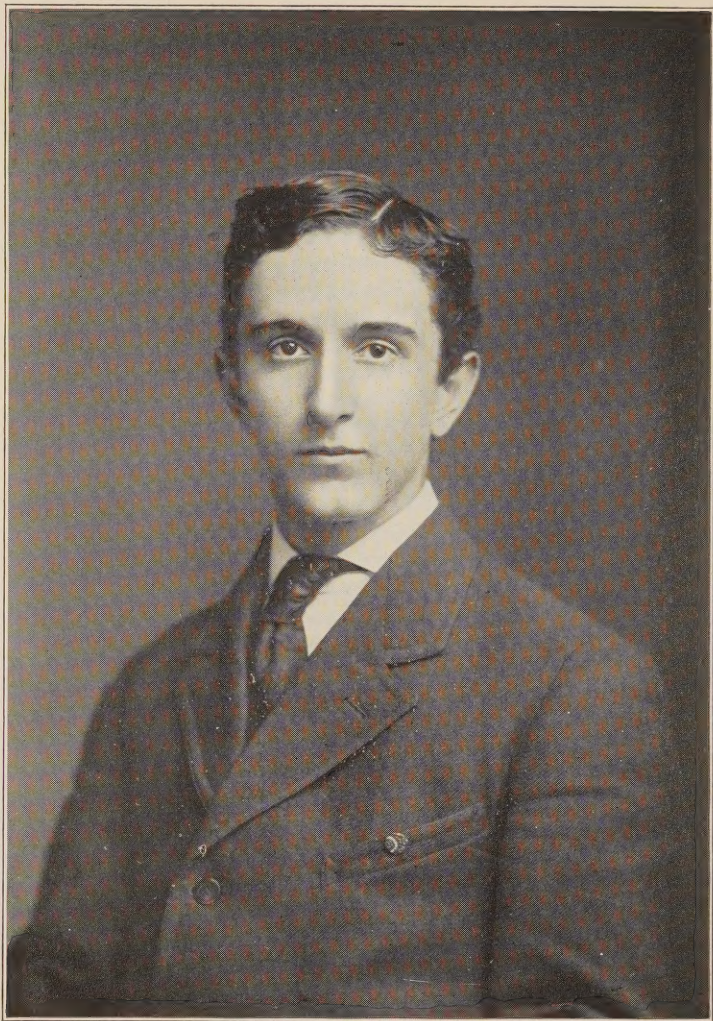


Photo by Stone

CHAUNCEY R. MURPHEY—the Pride of '08.

The Year Book of the Class of 1908

BEING A RECORD OF THE BRILLIANT
ACHIEVEMENTS AND A CHRONICLE OF
THE PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE
REMARKABLE CLASS OF 1908 :: :: ::

Edited by

WILLIAM LAMBERT
ELEANOR VAN TUYL

ELIZABETH POUND
WALLACE PEARCE

MR. IRA W. TRAVELL

Entered as Second-class Matter November 17, 1904, at the Post Office at Plainfield, N. J., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Chauncey Murphey, An Appreciation

Of generous nature, kind in his judgment of opponents, and a loyal friend to a host of friends; of sunny disposition, full of fun and frolic, always good-natured and never bitter; a student who knows the meaning of hard work and perseverance, and who has avoided equally the slough of despond and the heights of ecstasy; an athlete of athletes, twice crowned champion of his school by his schoolmates; a leader in games and sports, into which he has put brain and brawn, heart and conscience; gifted in the art of dramatic expression; of a temperament that faces difficulties and dangers with the more grit and determination; frank and sincere and honest in his convictions; fearing no disfavor for aggressive right action, and currying no favor by sacrificing judgment or conscience; a wholesome and helpful influence among his associates: such a boy is Chauncey Murphey.

IRA W. TRAVELL.

Never the Dog in the Manger

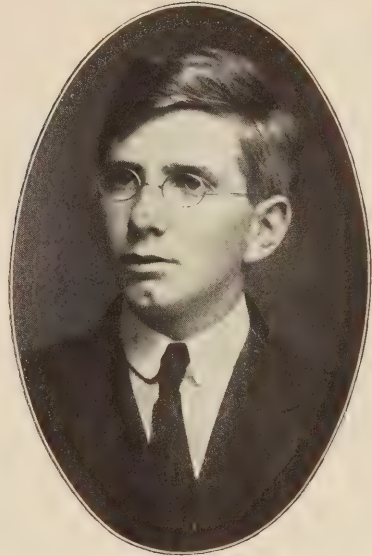
One should measure his success not in comparison with his predecessors but by what those who follow him will do. This has been a cardinal principle of 1908. We have ever tried to make the way of those who follow us easier. Where we took advertising for our program we gave return; where we inaugurated new business ideas and introduced a larger audience to a P. H. S. senior play, we have borne in mind that other classes will follow us, and our policy has ever been, "Never be the dog in the manger." On our rock foundation of good business we want succeeding classes to build greater successes, that shall be a standing credit to the most enterprising, and most original class ever in P. H. S.—1908.

A Helpful Influence

In a more subtle way 1908 has also spread its influence. Faced by the condition that many good times in school are enhanced by the ability to dance, 1908 organized a dancing class with an able instructor, in order that its members might better enjoy their school life as well as learning a useful social accomplishment. Other classes followed the path blazed by 1908, and thus did the whole school profit by our farsightedness. Another policy of 1908 that has put a premium on noble effort, is the fact that every time any of its members brought special distinction on himself, not in school necessarily, the class has recognized it and voted congratulatory resolutions. Thus by looking for the best in our classmates we have helped to bring out the best that was in them.



ESTHER B. CRAMPTON.



ROY C. WHITALL.

Esther Barton Crampton, Valedictorian

Miss Esther Crampton is the valedictorian of 1908. She entered the school in her sophomore year. Her course of studies has been one of the most difficult in the curriculum, but she has always maintained a high standing in scholarship, particularly in the languages. She has taken several prizes at every commencement since she has been in the school. She has been active in the various interests of the school life, and for two years has played guard on the champion girls' basketball team. Last year Miss Crampton acted as manager for the team, and this year she has ably filled the position of president of the Girls' Athletic Association. She also served on the ORACLE, and took part in the Junior play of last year, and took the part of Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," the play given by the Seniors in the Plainfield Theatre. She is popular among the student body and among her classmates and has been a good class worker. She will enter Wellesley next fall.

Roy Clifton Whitall, Salutatorian

Roy Clifton Whitall, the salutatorian, has been with the class all four years, and he, too, has maintained a high standing in scholarship. He has taken prizes at every commencement for the past four years, and his work in mathematics has been particularly creditable. He is one of the brightest boys in the school and does comparatively little study outside of school. For the past two years he has worked afternoons in a local stationery store. He is a quiet boy, but well liked by all his classmates and is popular in general among the student body. Mr. Whitall will enter Stevens Institute next fall.

The honors this year carry more honor than in previous years because the class of 1908 is one of the largest classes to be graduated from the Plainfield High School, and the average standing in scholarship of the seniors is proportionately above that of any other class in the school.

Percy La Barre Mygrant and Donald Cameron Mortimer were next highest for scholastic honors.

"Never has there been such a class as 1908 in the school and it will be a long time before there will be another class that can beat them."—Mr. Samuel B. Howe, Jr.

"I shall be very sorry to see 1908 go; yours is such a nice class."—Miss Mary E. Ferry.

"My one regret is that I have not been able to see more of the class of 1908—it is such a fine class."—Miss Laura Smith.

"Everything comes the way of 1908—even the gods favor them."—Mr. James D. Macnab.

"There has never been a class in P. H. S. that has conducted itself so well in the trying days after their work was over as 1908."—Mr. Ira W. Travell.

Child Labor, a Disgrace and a Menace

Valedictory Essay by Esther Crampton

Child labor is a disgrace to the nation. That is a fact acknowledged by everybody except, perhaps, a few selfish manufacturers. But it is not only a disgrace, it is a menace to the nation's welfare. It is a disgrace, for it is a slaughter of the innocents; a menace, because it is slowly poisoning and corrupting the sources of the future life of the American people.

What is it which is happening to millions of little children in this civilized land—children who should be in school, developing their minds, and out of doors developing their bodies in healthful exercise? Go with me first to the South and then to the older industrial centers of the North. In North Carolina, poor, half-starved little children, almost babies some of them, work in the sweltering cotton mills all day long and during the rush season even a great part of the night. Never resting, running from one part of the machinery to another, closely watching the threads, in order to mend the broken ones—when the day's toil is over there is for them no healthful night's rest. The threads dance before their weary eyes and restful sleep is impossible. Poor, tired, heavy-eyed little workers—is it any wonder that after a sleepless night they lose their nimbleness? There is a cry. The whirring machinery is stopped. It goes on again, in a moment. This is merely an incident in the day's work. But a little child, scarcely nine years old, perhaps, is maimed for life! No more use now to the mill, she is cast adrift upon the world, broken in body and in spirit, before her life should well have begun. A physician accompanying a friend thru one of the mills shook his head sadly as they gazed around at the worn, shrunken bodies, often deformed thru lack of proper exercise. "In four years," he said, "most of these children will be dead and others will be in their places."

In the New England mills, conditions, if not as disgraceful as in the South, are bad enough. Mr. Spahr tells us that he found hundreds of children at work there, but to his surprise apparently no men over forty or forty-five. The strain is so great that at the age of forty-five they are worn out and no longer useful.

The great coal strike a few years ago called attention to the appalling conditions in Pennsylvania. Thousands of boys under fourteen were employed in the coal mines in direct violation of the law of the state. Mr.

Owen Lovejoy says, "For nine hours a day these little fellows toil in the breaker, bending over a stream of coal which pours out a cloud of dust so thick that the light cannot penetrate. They are responsible for the exact separation of all slate and rock—depending often entirely on the sense of touch. They endure the incessant rattle of deafening, gigantic machinery. They suffer the stifling heat of summer at one season and the bitter blasts that sweep those mountain tops at another. They are conscious that the "boss" stands behind them with his stick to prompt to duty if the natural exuberance of childhood breaks out in playfulness, or if backache induces a moment of forgetfulness. They must learn to control the nausea caused by swallowing quantities of coal dust and by the feeling that one's throat and lungs are never clean!" These are experiences which *men*, perhaps, must endure in order that we may be supplied with this necessity of life, but to expose a child to such hardships is a crime that makes one wonder if we are living in a Christian country!

But let us come nearer home, to our own State. Excellent as New Jersey's Child Labor law is, it is defective in not forbidding the employment of boys at night work. A visit to the glass works of Southern New Jersey reveals the need of more stringent legislation. During the long hours of the night, in a low, badly ventilated shack, before the blast furnace, in the blistering heat, stands a glass blower. At his feet crouches a little boy busily employed in opening and shutting the hot molds. Near him stands another boy quickly breaking off the hot glass from the blow-pipe. Then another boy takes the glass from the mold and heats it so that it can be shaped by still another weary youth, who in turn gives it to another, who carries it out to be packed. All is hurry, bustle and confusion, with five boys doing this tiresome work, which simple machinery could accomplish in less than half the time. What a life! With not a moment for rest; cursed by their masters for the slightest fault; with body wearied by the continuous toil and nerves strained as they hurry to avoid the cruel blows and no less cruel curses, these little chaps wear out their lives in unceasing toil. After being exposed for hours to the excessive and unnatural heat, they go home in the chill damp of early morning to rest—no, not to rest, but to fall into a stupor from sheer exhaustion, only to be rudely awakened by the noise and confusion which the early morning always brings in the working sections. So their life drags on, until they are too old to

work as boys, and, as they often have not learned enough to take a man's place and earn men's wages, they are discarded. Then they are lost in the tide of humanity or are next heard of in the criminal courts.

This "slaughter of the innocents" is going on day after day and year after year in civilized America! What are these children? Without education, with broken health and a moral nature corrupted, these boys are to be our future citizens. These girls, with their bent, misshapen bodies and mental incapacity, are to be the mothers of a new generation of other citizens, who are to build the nation on the foundations our study forefathers laid. How shall a race of industrial slaves maintain the national greatness and welfare of America?

Here then is the industrial situation. What is to be done about it? We are justly proud that our own state of New Jersey is at least in the vanguard of reform. We have a law which provides that no children under fourteen years of age shall be employed in the mills and factories. This law is fairly enforced. Inspectors go thru the state guarding against the infringement of it. Another statute, moreover, re-inforces and strengthens the child labor law; that which provides that children must attend school until fourteen years of age or, if they have not completed the grammar school course, until they are fifteen. We can indeed be proud of our state, which is far ahead of many others whose laws are lax and even at that loosely enforced. Yet we need a still better law and especially one prohibiting night work for boys from fourteen to eighteen.

And we must have more than law. Law without public sentiment back of it is useless. We must educate the community, therefore, to see that the law is enforced. Conditions in Southern New Jersey are largely due to the selfishness and indifference of the workingmen, whose own industrial future, if they but knew it, depends on this reform. Conditions there and elsewhere are due, again, to the greed, or more often to the ignorance of parents who aid in the evasion of the law.

And indeed, is there not need that we should be aroused to our own share in the problem? "Back of the manufacturer filling his factory with cheap labor of children is the wholesaler, saying he must buy cheap or he will buy elsewhere. Back of him is the retailer. Back of him is the eager, careless, bargain hunting public." Can we not do a little to change this? Should not every woman at least know the facts, as she can readily learn them from the Consumers' League or some like source? This problem is

one of many that touch the individual conscience. Surely we do not want to buy clothes, however good the bargain, if the cloth is spun by children whose very lives are woven into the web; if the garments are made by girls and women in a factory or sweat shop, at starvation wages; if the goods are sold by women whose salaries are so meagre that an easier but infinitely degrading life stands ever before them as an alluring promise of relief.

Child labor is but one form of the great social problem of the day; and however we regard it, in the end we find it as a question in whose solution we must bear our share.

Music for the Flames

Rome was in flames. "Hear the people groan," cried Nero, gleefully, as the agonized shrieks of the people below reached his ears.

"They are suffering?" he asked expectantly.

"Yes, my lord, intensely so."

A pleased expression stole over the emperor's masterful features.

"The poisoned spears," he asked, growing interested,—"have they been applied?"

"Not yet, my lord."

A look of mystification settled over his face, then he brightened.

"The flames are crisping their gory bodies, charring them into beautifully shaded nut brown corpses, to the rythmical melody of their heart-rendering cries?" he volunteered, in the tone of conviction of one who is acute enough to solve almost any problem and who is clever enough to express it in polished language.

"Not yet, my lord."

A puzzled expression again settled over his features.

"Ah", he finally said to himself in a relieved voice, and a look of supreme satisfaction settled over his face.

Turning to an attendant he said, in a self satisfied tone, "Sara Sanderson is reciting *Paradise Lost*?" His eyes lit up with pleasure and he smiled contentedly, "Boy, bring me my fiddle."

School Offices Held by '08 Members

The following are members of the class who have held responsible positions in the school:

P. H. S. Athletic Association

Chauncey R. Murphey, Director, '06-'07.
 Chauncey R. Murphey, President, '07-'08.
 Walter B. Caldwell, Vice President, '07-'08.
 Augustus Nash, Director, '07-'08.
 George Henry Pound, Director, '07-'08.

Baseball

George Henry Pound, Manager, '06.
 Fred R. Reid, Manager, '07.
 William V. Rafferty, Assistant Manager, '07.
 William V. Rafferty, Manager, '08.
 Chauncey R. Murphey, Captain, '08.

Football

George Henry Pound, Manager, '06.
 Chauncey R. Murphey, Captain, '07.

Basketball

Augustus Nash, Manager, '07-'08.
 Walter B. Caldwell, Captain, '07-'08.

P. H. S. G. A. A.

Eleanor Van Tuyl, Secretary and Treasurer, '05-'06.
 Eleanor Van Tuyl, President, '06-'07.
 M. Elizabeth Pound, Secretary and Treasurer, '06-'07.
 M. Elizabeth Pound, Secretary and Treasurer, '07-'08.
 Esther B. Crampton, President, '07-'08.

Basketball

Esther B. Crampton, Manager, '06-'07.
 M. Elizabeth Pound, Manager, '07-'08.

Oracle

Charlotte Taylor, Exchange Editor, '05.
 Eva C. Kelly, Exchange Editor, '06.
 M. Elizabeth Pound, Exchange Editor, '07.
 Eleanor Van Tuyl, Exchange Editor, '08.
 William T. Lambert, Editor-in-chief, '08.

Debating Society

George H. Fisher, Jr., President, '06-'07.
 Orlando H. Lounsbury, Treasurer, '08.
 Percy L. Mygrant, President, '08.
 Sallo M. Kahn, Treasurer, '07.
 William T. Lambert, Vice President, '07.
 Sallo M. Kahn, Secretary, '06.

Thomas A. Edison, Wizard

Salutatory Essay by Roy C. Whitall

The Twentieth Century is the age of invention. At no time has the world been better prepared to receive and to profit by labor-saving and pleasure-making devices of inventive genius than today. The darkness of superstition has faded before the full daylight of scientific knowledge of physical phenomena. Much as we owe to the masters of literature, of art, and of industry for the comforts and culture of life, we owe perhaps not less to the masters of invention; and the most wonderful of these, in this generation, is Thomas Alva Edison.

Possessed of mental, physical, and moral vigor, Mr. Edison represents a fine type of American manhood. His scientific attainments are due to a rare and remarkable combination of scientific imagination, wonderful vitality, and a dogged persistence that knows no defeat.

Edison's education has been in the school of experience rather than in the school of books. Even now he has little regard for scientific theories as printed in encyclopedias. A statement is true if it be proved true in practise, otherwise it is open to question. Experiments have always been his delight. At an age when most boys were playing with tops or kites, he was dabbling in chemistry and in telegraphy. His first experiment in electricity showed a striking lack of knowledge of its nature, yet is interesting because ingenious:

He had strung a telegraph line to a friend's house and had fitted it with crude instruments of home-manufacture. He had no batteries, however, so he captured a couple of cats, fastened wires to their legs, and administered a fierce rubbing to their backs. He was surprised to find that, although this produced a steady stream of electrical sparks, and was accompanied by volcanic disturbances in the neighborhood of the cats, it would not work his instruments. The experiment was a failure, but it was one of a series of failures which led to brilliant success in his invention of the quadruplex system in telegraphy, enabling four messages to be sent at once on a single wire.

There are many people who hold the creed that to be able to do one thing and to do it well, constitutes success. Others try to do many things, and do nothing well. A few Gladstones and Edisons do many things, and do them all well. It is this characteristic of the man that pleases

us; the tremendous energy with which he throws himself into his work, and the bull-dog tenacity with which he holds to it until it is done. So absorbed does he often become in his experiments that, for days together, he does not leave his laboratory, but, catching a few hours sleep on his cot, he rises again to renew his work.

Edison's persistence is nowhere better illustrated than in his search for a filament for the incandescent electric light. Thirteen months were passed in tireless investigation of the different metals. One by one they were examined and discarded as useless. Thousands of substances were tested in vain; yet only more keenly did Mr. Edison pursue his search. Three sleepless days and nights were passed in attempting to get a satisfactory test with a piece of carbonized cotton thread. At last the sight met his eyes that he had longed to see, a filament glowing steadily and continuously. Immediately the entire force of the laboratory was set to work carbonizing straw, paper, wood splints, and hundreds of other things. Nothing was safe during these days—walking sticks, umbrellas, and hats all vanished if they were not fastened to their owner. The inventor got hold of a bamboo fan, tore off the rim, and from it obtained a filament which gave the best results of any. He at once set to work to learn all that could be learned about bamboo; agents were sent all over the world, from South America to Japan, and hundreds of specimens were received and tested. The expeditions were gone eleven months and cost \$100,000. But at last the most desirable species of bamboo was found. Edison had accomplished his purpose.

Perfect mastery of a subject is a part of Edison's working creed. When hardly more than a boy, he was offered a position in the Franklin telegraph office in Boston. He arrived there from the West after four days and night of travel, wearing a hickory shirt, and pair of butternut trousers tucked into the tops of boots a size too large. With shouts of laughter the operators gathered about the "green-horn" to break him in. He was assigned to a New York wire to take a special report for the *Boston Herald*. The conspirators had arranged to have one of the fastest operators in New York send the dispatch. The sender started in slowly enough. Edison seated himself comfortably with one leg thrown over the arm of his chair, leisurely sharpened his pencil, and began after about fifty words had been sent. Faster and faster clicked the telegraph key. With undisturbed composure, Edison continued to take the message that was now fairly burning the wire. He had perfected a simple style of handwriting that enabled him to take very rapid dictation. Derision and amusement

changed to admiration, as the operators watched this wonder from the West handle the message as easily and rapidly as the most expert man in the office. Occasionally Edison stopped to sharpen his pencil again, and finally he telegraphed to New York: "Say, young fellow, change off and send with your other foot awhile." This was too much for the dispatcher, and he retired in honorable defeat.

While in the Boston office Edison increased his knowledge of telegraphy until he knew more of the subject than any other employee. One day a break occurred in the wire. As was the custom, the company was about to send out men on horseback to locate it, when Edison casually remarked, "I can tell you where that break is without stepping outside this office." They laughed at him. His experiments had already taught him the amount of electricity necessary to charge one mile of telegraph wire. He charged the wire to the break with electricity, computed the length of wire necessary to hold the charge given, and told them how far away the break was. This was Edison's first great invention, and his method is still constantly employed by the telegraph company.

As Edison has grown older, he has perfected the inventions of his younger years, and has created new marvels, not for the profit that he might make, except as he needed the money to continue his investigations, but because of his genuine love for his work. The thirty thousand dollars that he received for his invention of the method of sending four messages at once on a single wire, he immediately spent in trying to send six. Mr. Edison's inventions are various as well as numerous; he has invented the duplex and quadruplex system in telegraphy, the phonograph, the microphone, the fluoroscope, the kinetoscope, and a cure for the gout. He has even thought of writing a novel. He has taken out more patents than other man in the world.

Edison believes that every man has a certain amount of genius. Some inventors are born, he says, but a greater number are made. A man entirely lacking in ideas is generally the man who is too lazy to cultivate them. The art of inventing is, in his judgment, a profession that may successfully be learned. The man who wishes to rise to the heights in this profession, as in any other, must love his work more than ease, he must face obstacles unwearied and undismayed; he must master details at any cost of time and effort.

When asked one time wherein his genius really lay, Mr. Edison replied, "Young man, my genius is five percent inspiration, ninety-five percent perspiration."

The Class of 1908 on Mars

Glimpses Thru the Telescope by Sara Louise Sanderson

Arrived there on the George H. Fisher, Jr., airship; located on Best Island.

What's that elaborate elevation? No, it's not the new Singer building—only Ray Dutcher. Look out! It might move—Ray may wake up some day.

What a large crowd over there! What can be the matter? Ah, I see; Mademoiselle Knowlton, the famous pianist of Best Island is now giving a concert. Well, well, Elsie has stopped giggling long enough to gain a reputation for herself.

Is that—? Oh, no, it's not Fluffy Ruffles,—just our own little Laura Baker. Between writing excuses for absences Laura has found time to complete a course in fashion designing.

My sight fails me—something so dazzling stands before me—but my vision clears, and I see—it's only Carola; Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed thus. She is busy, she notices no one—I understand; an expert accountant, after inflicting her vocation on every ordinary thing, she has at last started to count the stars in the Milky Way.

Silent, dignified, yet graceful, comes Marjorie Harris down the Appian Way, gowned in her Roman toga as we have seen her before in dear old P. H. S., delivering her prologue to—Julius Cæsar—small wonder that she holds herself aloof from the others; her fame is assured since the publication of her wonderful thesis, entitled, "Resolved, That with any other visible means of support, marriage is beneath the dignity of any sensible woman."

But here's another member of '08, one of our most popular girls—Elsa Mae Cook. She hasn't changed much; still serving Sunday night supper to an admiring group of ex-'08 chaps. Watch her as she daintily serves all sorts of berries—strawberries, raspberries, and Lounsburies, the latter of which are most ungratefully received by the enterprising young lawyer on her right.

Ice cream and candy—Miss Van Tuyt—well, what a glorious outlet for Eleanor's sweetness! Her heart always with the class of '07, Eleanor waits in this attractive little store until another WILL come.

Augustus C. Nash, lawyer. Well, Gus finished a course in N. Y. U., but he never recovered from the shock when he discovered that he could not keep a COOK.

Again my eyes are dazzled. I can hardly stand it; what is that which approaches? Yes, it's small, but it's very brilliant. It comes closer; why, it's none other than our valedictorian, little Esther Crampton; and the dazzling light? oh, yes, that's the reflection of her insignia, P. H. S. '06, Cornell '11; he Gav—ett to her back in the old school days and she wears it constantly. Esther went to Wellesley and, after finishing her course, turned out to be a very good prize fighter; until now, using her six foot husband for a ball, she fairly outdoes the ancient Hercules in slinging people and things around.

But why does everyone rush down the street as tho he had been shot? ah, yes! I see; there's Chauncey Murphey at the other end of it—and he's singing! Well, Chauncey tried a great many things—College, politics, banking—but nobody would lend him any money—and ash carting—but the latter was too hard on his sensitive nature, until finally he settled down to only two—prize fighting and girls; with these he has succeeded, so that with the great 400 pound lady-love he develops himself to meet the demands of his strenuous occupation.

Who is that tall, slender, rakish looking fellow, standing gazing at the tall building? Walter Caldwell, by jove! We have heard that he is a mechanical engineer; can it be that he's inspecting that structure? No, it seems to be complete; why no, he must have forgotten something. See how vigorously he mops his heated brow, on which there rests a white felt hat with purple band. We have it—his wife has sent him shopping. He seems to mutter,—“A Pound,—a Pound,—a Pound,—” but we can delay no longer. Walter, will you never cultivate a memory?

But an airship has fallen into the public square, and with it, George Fisher! Just a moment, and George will unravel his facial decoration from the complicated machinery. No college was thoro enough for George; so after a complete course of electricity in his own boudoir he has made a reputation for himself along those lines. Ah, but he looks careworn and tired; no wonder, George is still working on a system for the proper ringing of bells in P. H. S.

Walter Hammond—and as usual with a girl—yes, he finished a course at Stevens while she perfected herself in art. Since then they have been married and Walter with her little pin and bow for inspiration has become a valuable assistant to the science departments on Mars.

The Whitall school of silence and learning. Following his theory that the two go together, Roy is the founder of that school to the right, which

even for the accommodation of all its devotees is necessarily small. Interested in the work of Prof. Whitall are the Misses Brick and Thompson. Their record is good but they have made so little noise in both worlds that it has been difficult to follow their careers.

The Rafferty theatrical trust stands boldly before us. Will made a vast fortune during the success of the Sigma Delta Phi stock company, he himself composing all their plays in French. At present he is endowing a course in Platonic Friendship between the girls and boys of P. H. S.

Look in the office of the theatrical trust—Isidore Rothberg, property manager. Isidor is working hard, and I hear that he is only repeating the good work that he did in our own play.

Ah! the Central Railroad of Mars, D. W. Wilcox president. Yes, Dudley got the position thru his wife's influence. After graduating from Brown, Dudley settled on Mars where he spends his time running the Railroad when he is not leading cotillions.

The Howe public school of Mars; Principal, Rose Rothberg; Vice-principal, Helen Sachar,—two old '08 girls. Always together, marriage for them had no charms since it meant separation and the giving up of school work.

Another teacher in the school is Donald Mortimer. No, he never went on the stage but once. He is busily engaged at present—no, not with a man—a Hunter isn't necessarily a man.

Teachers of art in the Howe School are Lillian Whitall and Cornelia Christofferson; both of their lives are sweet but uneventful.

Even Mars is not without labor troubles. Down the street comes Wallace Pearce, Agitator. Wallace, too, has never married. He never stopped talking long enough to give the lady time to answer.

We'll look at the tennis courts a moment—May Doane is just taking off the honors in a match. May is still a mystery, so silent that we know nothing of her career.

Ah, a speech! Sallo Mortimer Kahn is delivering for the 98th time his lecture on "The tail End of a Lost Chord or Why I am so Clever or How I Got my Pull with Mr. Travell."

But what a gloomy building! J. Dutcher, undertaker. John himself steps out wreathed in smiles, but he stops at the corner; we cannot wait, John, because it is a girl.

Elizabeth Randall, a dainty nurse, appears from around the corner. Elizabeth has never married. Just as she was about to accept the man, she suddenly remembered many accounts of man's fickleness, and with her usual calm reason to her aid, she refused him on the spot.

There is Elizabeth Pound—over there—yes, I said Miss Elizabeth Pound; yes, I said Miss—of course it's possible; yes, for out of the crowd of numerous suitors Bess has not yet been able to choose one with whom she feels eternity would be endurable. However, in that red building to the left she successfully conducts a college of fussing. All acknowledge that a certificate from that institution renders one assured of being an able candidate for matrimony. Miss Pound lives there as happy as the DEY is LONG; CALDWELL, too, she is, and OSGOOD to all as ever, since she is never MALcontent with her lot.

A valuable assistant in his sister's school is Henry Pound. With his motto "Slow but Sure," he has never failed to bring the standard of his pretty girl pupils up to that set by his sister.

But we miss one face from among the crowd. Where is our graceful Miss Kelly? Alas! they say she has deserted the others and retired to a castle in Sunny Spain, whose inmates she delights with her fancy dances and her various creations in dress-making and millinery.

Along the suburbs I see a second Scotch Plains. Elliotville seems to be the name. After tiring of the exertion of an ordinary life, Miss Elliot has retired to the stars and there rests content.

And there stands Leslie Leland in the public square—I wonder if he's acting in the capacity of nurse to those little girls? Why, I do declare he's fussing! but Leslie always would take children to raise.

Stenographer in the Mars hotel, Miss Katherine Gray. Down at P. H. S. there were few who could manage Katherine but they say she is at last going to have a BOSS.

John Schofield, civil engineer, graduate of Stevens. After escaping from Hoboken he has settled down to the simple life, since wine, women and song, have little charm for John.

Orlando Lounsbury knew which side his bread was buttered on, for he took a Cook for his partner in life. The Matinee Idol of Mars, his head has never been turned by all the admiration of the fair sex, most of his time being spent in pressing church duties.

A narrow speck looms larger as it approaches—ah, it is no other than

our old classmate Francis Foster. He has a harried look upon his face, seems to be searching for something, and as he keeps his eyes fixed on the ground I judge that the object of his search is small. Alas! I remember, after completing a difficult course at Yale, Francis awoke to the realization that he was living without a heart, for it had been carelessly thrown aside by our little valedictorian.

Even the trying climate of Mars could not affect the ruddy vigor of our old schoolmate, Arthur Titsworth. After finishing a course in Rutgers, Arthur spent a great deal of time trying to locate the object of his affections. Failing in this he has at last settled down in bachelor apartments on Mars, while in a select social circle he keeps many young ladies guessing.

Mushrooms P. Mygrant—right over there in the suburb. Percy spends his time cultivating mushrooms; yes, I'm sorry to say, Percy never followed up his music but became a farmer instead.

Rose Nash, physician—one of the prettiest girls in the class. See Rose as she nobly holds her own, going about her business with regard for no one.

There stands little Marjorie Brown, watching May Doane. It is impossible to penetrate her thoughts, although she centers much of her attention on that '04 pin she wears.

Ah! a meeting of the Slender Ladies' Club. Laura Woolston, president, is loudly advocating Women's Rights, while Mary Mortimer, vice president, stands by looking very much disgusted with the whole affair.

Miss Edna Eckert, soprano soloist. I see Miss Eckert charming the young men of the Mars Hope Chapel with her lovely clear voice.

Mose Rubenstein, on the tennis courts; also another quiet member of '08. Even now as we see him, tennis and baseball seem to be the only things which charm him.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst Lambert is now editor-in-chief of the *Martian Police Gazette*. Will has now reached the height of his journalistic career, having placed the *Gazette* in the hands of a receiver with liabilities of unlimited nerve and very little else. He will now resign his position in spite of the protests of his satellites of '08.

Sara Louise Sanderson, the popular vice-president of '08, graduated from Wellesley, after which she was lured to the stage and played in Wm. Rafferty's melodrama, "The Gibson Girl." Here, as the vivacious Fluffy Ruffles, she charmed and won the heart of a brilliant young lawyer

and settled down to quiet married life. Her theory that love constitutes 9-10ths of a woman's life enabled her hubby to prepare divorce briefs and he soon retired with great wealth. She then devoted her energies to fighting the cause of anti-woman's suffrage. Her old time ability to say as much in three minutes as the average person in an hour, so enabled her to monopolize the conversation—as of old—that she easily impressed her ideas on her followers; and now only men vote on Mars.

Rumor has it that a certain Fisher-man has at last had a nibble, at least his class-pin was missing for over a week.

We have been lead to believe that too many Cooks spoil things sometimes.

It cannot be said that the class is heart (Hart) less.

Our class should be well fed, we have both a Cook and a Baker.

We are well off; we have two Pounds (£2). By Jove!

The class has some Gray about it.

We certainly are a Brick.

We have Foster-ed baseball.

"In one of the most hotly contested inter-class meets which P. H. S. has ever held, the Senior Class won the coveted championship with a total of 42 points, their nearest competitor being '09, who rolled up a score of 31 tallies. One of the main reasons for the good showing made by '08 was the class spirit on the part of both the girls and the fellows who did not compete. Our dignified Seniors were the only class which showed organized interest in their athletic reputation."—*November ORACLE*, '07.

The Art of Living

Commencement Address of Dr. Henry M. Maxson

You have been my boys and girls here in the High School for four years. It has been my privilege to exercise over you the power of joy and sorrow, power to make your ways rough and thorny, or smooth and happy. I have not had the power of physical life and death over you, but I have tried to so order my dealings with you as if the responsibility of life and death, spiritually, did rest in my hands.

Today you escape from my power. No longer shall I directly influence your destinies. You cease to be my boys and girls in a legal sense, but I assure you that in that precious part of a man's life, the memory of the years that are gone, you will still live as my boys and girls, and whenever a spoken word or a printed name recalls the recollections of one of you, that recollection will be clothed in the form that I now look upon, for the children of one's memory never grow up.

The other day, a marriage notice called to mind one of my oldtime pupils. The form which I saw was not that of a young man, clad in bridal array, it was that of a chubby-faced urchin sitting on a bench with tears rolling down his face as he chewed paper wads in punishment for the dreadful sin (?) of sticking paper balls on the ceiling of the schoolroom. So, however old you may be, the mention of your name will call up the happy, youthful faces that I see today, altho, in your case, none of them will be bathed in tears, for it has been my good fortune that all my dealings with you have been those of joy and happiness. My hours with you have been hours of enjoyment.

During your high school course, you have had many priceless opportunities; indeed, the whole four years have been one grand opportunity for laying the sure foundation of success. The work of the school, as commonly considered, consists of Latin, mathematics, history and other book studies, but in it all and through it all, in the recitation and in the discipline of the school, in your work and in your play, wherever the life of the teacher touches the life of the pupil, in all this I have tried to so provide that each one of you shall be brought into a broad and deep knowledge of the real values of life, the principles and motives, the ambitions and desires whose accomplishment make life really worth living; for, after all, the one great product of the school,—the highest product of life, in fact,—is character. Rightness of conduct, richness of thought, purity of soul, these are the things that outlive the ages, these constitute the richest inheritance

that you can leave to those who come after you, they constitute the only things that you can take with you out of life on that day when your useless body is laid away under the sod.

In these last words of instruction, I wish to emphasize two or three principles that seem to me to lie at the foundation of true success in life. My first thought pertains to work. Work is the universal characteristic of all thinking men and women. Some men work from necessity, as the only means of providing nourishment and comfort for their bodies, but all men that give the matter thought work from choice, as the means necessary for giving nourishment to mind and soul. What is your attitude toward work? Do you regard it as a disagreeable necessity, to be met and endured with resignation, for the sake of the wages which it gives you to use for physical existence and gratification, or as an opportunity to be seized gladly and used joyously, for the purpose of working out and developing to the highest degree all the best that is in you and for doing your part of the world's work? On your answer to this question rests largely the character of the life you will lead. It is right to seek for wages, but do not let wages become the all-important aim of life. Ruskin says "It is physically impossible for a well educated, intellectual or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts. All healthy minded people like making money,—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it, but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. The soldier lives to win battles, not to be paid for winning them; the clergyman to preach and baptize, not to be paid for preaching; the doctor to cure his patient, not to win his fee. With all brave, right minded men, the work is first, the fee second, and you cannot serve two masters, you must serve one or the other. If your work is first with you and your fee second, work is your master and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the 'least erected fiend that fell.' So there you have it in brief terms: Work first—you are God's servant. Fee first—you are the Fiend's."

So I say to you, seek wages, the highest wages you can obtain, but earn every dollar you receive, and never let the question of wages outweigh the question of the character of the work itself, for thereby you stand in danger of degenerating from the high estate of a clear-eyed man, with face aglow with the brightness of heaven, to that of a slave with his lustreless face bent toward the earth.

Again, do not be misled by the thought that only great things are worth while. It is given to but few to do notable things, but to every one there are given many opportunities to do little things well, and little things well done are of the highest importance to the world's advancement. As a contractor was visiting his building one morning, he was stopped by a man who was mixing mortar. "Does you recognize, boss," said the man, "that I'se the whole thing, this morning?" "No, Sam, I hadn't thought of it in that way," said the boss. "How do you make it out?" Why, boss," said Sam, "I'se mixing dis mortar to put between the bricks in the wall; if the mortar is rotten, the walls'll be rotten, and if the walls are rotten, you mought as well leave off the gold leaf and the paint and the fancy finish, for the building's no good. I reckon I'se the whole thing, this morning, and I'd better get right onto my job": and Sam was right. A failure on his part to perform well the very humble task assigned to him, would destroy the value of that done by the most skilled worker in the whole building. And so it is in life. The work of great men is important, but it cannot reach its full fruition without the faithful work of the men who hold the humble positions. Great men push the world forward, but the ordinary men, by their faithful work in obscure positions, enable the world to hold the ground. See to it that your particular work, however humble it may be, is performed with utmost conscientiousness and effectiveness, and thank God that it is given you to do.

What is your outlook on life? There are some men who seem to think that the world centers in them. Their only thought is to draw in as much of the world as possible for their own gratification and profit, and these men are not found solely in the class of those who hold wealth and power; there is many a man working for a dollar and a half a day who does not think once, from morning till night, of any one's interests but his own. The question, "What can I get out of the world?" is one that every man ought to ask himself, and the character of the man will be shown by the nature of his answer to the question. If that answer can be measured in dollars and cents, in houses and lands, in power or personal pleasure, then that man has failed to apprehend what is really the richest and best of life. Indeed, the only way to answer the question wisely is to turn it around and ask, "What can I give the world?" for it is not the man who is continually drawing things in to himself, but the man who is continually drawing himself out for the benefit of others, that finds the truest happiness the world can give.

Be not over-troubled by the evil of the world. There are always bad men, but there are more good men. You will find whichever class you seek for. Two children in a country home went into the garden to play. Soon they came running back, and the first one cried, "O, mother, the rosebush is all full of thorns", but the second cried, "O, mother, the thornbush is all full of roses." There are roses everywhere in life. Fix your thought on the roses and lose sight of the thorns.

Finally, what part do you assign, in your scheme of life, to the inner man, the spiritual and mental life, of which your body is simply the habitation? Any scheme of life which leaves out the inner man, any line of conduct which dwarfs your spiritual growth, any pursuit which is not consistent with mental development and spiritual purity,—all of these things will prevent your getting the greatest good out of life.

You may not attain wealth, you may never have power, you may fail in business, sorrow and trouble may camp down with you night and day, but if you keep your mental life bright, if you preserve integrity of conduct and purity of soul, if you look at life as an opportunity to express all that is best and purest within you, by your acts of helpfulness and thoughtfulness, by your devotion to the interests of others,—then, in spite of all these other things, you will attain true happiness.

As I passed down the street, one evening, a delightful fragrance was wafted to me on the evening air. I paused to breath it in. I knew not whence it came, but when I passed on, my face was brighter and my step lighter because of its ministration.

So, as we pass along the walks of life, we experience helping, inspiring, uplifting influences whose source we do not recognize. The life that produces them may be humble and simple, but it sheds spiritual fragrance all around, giving tone and vigor, sweetness and helpfulness to the circles within its influence. The man who creates it may never receive recognition from his fellows, but he knows no sense of loss. He lives not to win the plaudits of the crowd. He works for the joy of accomplishment, for the satisfaction of getting worthy things done. He smiles on the world and the world smiles back.

May you each one make your life so full of the happiness that comes from true accomplishment and humble faithfulness to ideals, that it will overflow and, like the flower, fill with fragrance all the air around.

"1908 is a fine class, I am proud of them, they are all right."—Dr. Henry M. Maxson.



Photo by Stone

"SEE HOW CALM I AM."



Photo by Stone

"WHAT! WILL NOBODY MOVE?"

Award of Prizes, 1908

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

- I. The George H. Babcock Prize, given by Mrs. George H. Babcock.
First Prize—Walter Edward Knowlton.
Second Prize—Louise Townsend Nicholl.
Honorable Mention—
Eleanor Van Tuyl,
Maud Kathryn Sminck,
Horace Barnard Earle.
- II. The Daily Press Prize for the best essay written by a member of the Senior Class on a topic relating to municipal affairs.
Prize—\$10.00 in gold, Sara Louise Sanderson.

MATHEMATICS.

- The Dr. C. H. Stillman Prize, given by Mr. Wm. M. Stillman.
First Prize—\$15.00 in gold, Washington McIntyre.
Second Prize—\$10.00 in gold, Otis Wadsworth Hovey.
Honorable Mention—Douglas Davis, Thomas Enory Ricketts.

TRANSLATION PRIZES

For the best translation of assigned passages, a first prize of three dollars, and a second prize of two dollars, to be expended in books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

MODERN LANGUAGES—Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman.

Senior French.

- First Prize—Percy La Barre Mygrant.
Second Prize—Marjorie Mae Harris.
Honorable Mention—Clara Savage.

Junior French.

- First Prize—Elsa Mae Cook.
Second Prize—Stanley Parsons.
Honorable Mention—Leroy Clifton Whitall.

Junior German.

- First Prize—David Bryant Thickstun.
Second Prize—Agnes Marguerite Van Norden.
Honorable Mention—George Stanley Robins.

Sophomore German.

First Prize—Marjorie Mae Brown.

Second Prize—Meta Pennock.

Honorable Mention—Otis Wadsworth Hovey.

LATIN PRIZES—Given by Mr. Alexander Gilbert.

Vergil.

First Prize—Esther Barton Crampton.

Second Prize—Washington McIntyre.

Honorable Mention—Marjorie Mae Brown.

Cicero.

First Prize—Agnes Marguerite Van Norden.

Second Prize—Sarah Anne Brouwer.

Honorable Mention—Stanley Parsons.

Caesar.

First Prize—Meta Pennock.

Second Prize—Bessie Alpaugh.

Honorable Mention—Barbara Fleming.

COMMERCIAL PRIZES.

Given by Ernest R. Ackerman.

A first prize of three dollars, and a second prize of two dollars, to be expended in books.

Bookkeeping.

First Prize—Howard Judson Runyon, Jr.

Second Prize—Carola Edna Hart.

Honorable Mention—Arthur William Johnson.

Typewriting.

First Prize—Harry Brick.

Second Prize—Annie Mauger.

Honorable Mention—Nettie Garretson Stillman.

Stenography.

First Prize—Harry Brick.

Second Prize—Mary Ethel Mathews.

Honorable Mention—Carrie Markley Baker.

Amanuensis.

First Prize—Donald Cameron Mortimer.

Second Prize—Eleanor Ackerman Thompson.

Honorable Mention—Charles Henry Line.

A Trip Through the Eagle Works of the Standard Oil Co.

WALTER EDWARD KNOWLTON.

I had the good fortune, a short time ago, to make a tour of the Standard Oil works at Bayonne, in company with the chief engineer of the plant. The engineer, by the way, is essentially a self-made man, having started at the lowest round of the ladder and worked up to his present position by slow and toilsome steps. He, therefore, knows every little detail of every part, and is fully competent to explain them clearly and concisely.

The watchword of this immense plant seems to be "Unity;" and in no place is this so well shown as in tracing the crude oil as it comes in from the pipe-lines, through the various steps, until it is loaded in barrels on the lighters and shipped away.

In the first place, two main pipe-lines have their terminals at this station; one coming from West Virginia, and the other from New York State. These empty into a series of immense tanks, 115 feet in circumference, and from twenty-five to forty feet high. From here, the crude petroleum is pumped to the stills. These stills are built over furnaces, and it is here that the oil is vaporized. The purpose of this distillation is to separate the different oils, and to leave as many of the impurities as possible behind.

At first glance, it is not easy to see how the different kinds of oil are separated by being vaporized, but its principle is simply that the lighter oils turn into vapor at a lower temperature than the heavier oils, and so pass over first. The oils being vaporized and separated, the different vapors are conducted in separate pipes to the condensers. These are a series of huge tanks filled with circulating water pumped directly from New York Bay, which borders the lower boundary of the works. In these tanks are coils of pipe through which the oil vapor is forced. When the vapor comes in contact with the chilled walls of the pipes, it is liquified.

Then the oil is piped to the testing building. Here are experts who take samples of the oil, and determine its gravity by means of a small instrument called a hydrometer. An oil with a certain gravity is piped to one tank; an oil with a different gravity, to another.

Now we have the oil in liquid form sorted or classified into the different kinds, and ready for the wax-extracting process.

For the first step in this line the oil, or rather the oils, are pumped to a series of buildings called sweat-houses. These are brick structures, in which are row upon row of trays about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 inches high. Through these trays run coils of hot-water pipes. These pipes raise the temperature of the oil in the trays, and so sweat out the wax. The hot water is then withdrawn, and the wax cools and hardens, while the oil, still a liquid, is drawn out. Then, by various steps which involve bringing the wax to a low temperature and subjecting it to enormous pressure, the oil is still further extracted, and a very fine grade of wax is obtained.

Before taking into consideration the barrelling of the oil for shipment, let us glance at the sources from which the barrels come. Comparatively speaking, the company has to manufacture but few new barrels, the old ones being used over and over again. Certain people make it their business to go around from place to place, collecting the various kinds of oil-barrels. These they get from the oil-dealers all over the country for a small price, and bring them in by the truck-load to the works. Here an inspector examines each barrel, takes into consideration their cleanliness, tightness, and general condition, and pays the collector what he thinks they are worth. The barrels are then piled up until needed. These piles are huge pyramids, and it is one of the sights of the place to see the barrel-handlers skip nimbly from one place on the pile to another, putting a barrel in its proper place, passing another one up to a fellow-worker, or fixing a loose barrel more firmly. Then when the demand for barrels comes, it is supplied from these piles.

In preparing a barrel for filling, the first thing done is to steam it. It is placed on a rack over a network of steam pipes and left there for a few hours. This process loosens the oil and grease, and makes the next step, the washing, less difficult. The washer consists of a tub full of hot water, in which is a mechanism consisting of two clamps to hold the barrel in place, and a number of steel-bristled brushes, placed so that when the power is thrown on, and the barrel set revolving rapidly, they thoroughly scour both the inside and the outside of the barrel.

The next stage is the drying of the barrel. It is rolled to the drying-rooms on tracks, and placed over a blast of hot, dry air. This quickly evaporates every bit of moisture in the barrel, and it is then brought to the coop-erage to be repaired. A cooper takes the barrel, tightens the hoops, fits a new top on it, firmly secures the staves, and passes it on to be painted.

The painting is done by machinery. The barrel is firmly clamped in place, two brushes feeding from pipes connected with the main supply are brought in contact with it, and the barrel is set revolving. One would think that such a process would involve a large amount of spattering and waste, but such is not the case. Whatever surplus paint there is falls into a sink below the barrel, and from there is pumped back to be used again.

Then the newly -painted barrel is placed on a track, which is so sloped as to make the barrel roll along very slowly. By the time it reaches the end of the track, the paint is thoroughly dried and the barrel is ready for gluing. All the leaky places are treated with glue and the barrel is taken to the filling-room. Here, by an automatic device, it receives an exact weight of oil, and is closed up and sent along to the wharf.

A lighter waits to receive it here; but before the barrel is put aboard, it is submitted to a final and very rigid inspection to see that it is not leaky. If the inspection is passed, it is sent down a track to the lighter. Here stands a man who distributes the cargo, and his dexterity and quickness in this task is remarkable. A heavy barrel comes rolling ponderously down toward him and he both checks its speed and turns it in the desired direction by a light touch of the foot. A bustling little tug, puffing and snorting, comes up and takes the lighter in tow, and the barrel is off on its journey.

So the crude products of the oil-wells are taken and by numerous and ingenious processes transformed into substances of everyday acquaintance.

On reviewing my whole trip, a thing that impressed me was the resemblance that the whole plant bore to a city. It has its own builders for its construction work, its own machinists to make its tools, its own officials for its government, and even its own fire-department to fight its own fires, which, in spite of the utmost precautions, are bound to occur. Every part of the system helps every other part along, and its routine goes along as smoothly as one of its powerful but easy-running engines.



"YOUR MERITS EVER INCREASE."

Photo by Stone

Cæsarian Achievements of '08

BY ELEANOR VAN TUYL.

(When we were Freshmen and Sophomores.)

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you'! was the gladiator's cry
In the arena standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace."

So we, who are about to pass onward, greet you, the students of P. H. S. It seems fitting that you should have some knowledge of our youthful days, and, since perusing the ancient histories fails to reveal any mention of our notorious deeds, we have written our own annals, which we will present to you herewith:

Many years ago, we attended a school on old Fifth street. It was a little strange at first, for we were young and inexperienced, but when the Christmas season approached our first shyness had worn away, and we trooped into the ancient chapel to keep the time honored custom of decorating it. The famous artist, George Fisher, was the main feature of the committee, and he succeeded admirably in transforming the faded walls into bowers of beauty—thereby making the other classes jealous of us.

In February we very materially aided our Alma Mater to gain the championship at the indoor field meet.

The following September we one and all revised our names so that they read "Sophomores," and in honor of this great event we won the class and individual championship at the annual field meet.

Then we moved into the building we are now about to leave. It was at the dedication that we presented a picture of Goldsmith reading, "She Stoops to Conquer." That was long ago, long before most of you can remember, but since even the youngest of you have come here, we have honored that gentleman still more—we have given his play. That however is modern history. To go back to old times—the next month at the inter-scholastic field meet we once came to the front and worked for the P. H. S. so that she won the championship.

Girls used to play basket-ball in those days as well as now. Miss Crampton was not only captain of the team, and decidedly the best player, but she was also a splendid business manager, and brought the girls thru a long season without a single defeat, and with money in the treasury.

The very first entertainment that was given in the new school auditorium was "When Patty Went to College," and three of a cast of seven were members of '08.

The accompanist of the musical clubs, and the famous cornet-soloist, Percy Mygrant, were our class-mates.

A financial failure seemed to be unavoidable when the base-ball season was half over. Then one of our members, Henry Pound, was made manager, and with much skill and foresight he brought the team through, unhampered by debts.

With the close of the base-ball season came Commencement—it used to be held in the Baptist church in the old days—and there we figured brilliantly, for four first prizes, four second prizes, and four honorable mentions were ours; and our days as Sophomores were ended.

Many years have passed since then, and we are growing old and gray, ah, but,

"There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young.

* * * * *

There are no times like the old times, they shall never be forgot."

Why The Girls of 1908 Are Like Newspapers

They talk continually.

They frequently do a lot of senseless kicking but at bottom there is always a pile of good common sense.

They see many sides of life but are often one-sided.

They find fault with men and often like to retail gossip.

They like to criticise one another.

They cost a lot of money.

They like to know what their neighbors are doing.

They never suffer in silence.

They protest loudly against any infringement of the right of free speech.

They are the greatest agency for progress and the world couldn't do without them, for they give us a broader understanding, develop our better natures, and entertain us royally in the meantime.

Junior Year History

EDNA ECKERT.

Under the leadership of Walter B. Caldwell, M. Elizabeth Pound, and Roy Whitall, the class of 1908 did wonders in its Junior Year.

In the early fall, Henry Pound was appointed manager of the football team. He arranged a good schedule, and secured and improved Hope Common, but unfortunately the team broke up after the second game.

In the P. H. S. meet at the Driving Park, Chauncey Murphey secured the individual championship. On the school team the class was represented by several of its members and under the able leadership of Donald Mortimer, our class team captured the inter-class championship. We were also well represented on the school baseball team, and Fred Reid, one of our members, was manager.

At the Christmas exercises we were all shamefully treated. We took it in a loving way, however, and returning good for evil, gave them the grandest feast ever given by Juniors to Seniors.

In the miscellaneous entertainment given on November 23, our class gave "The Ballad of the Oysterman," which was very well presented. But the success of this was small as compared with that of "Which is Which," which added greatly to our reputation, financially and dramatically.

The events of this year were in a measure a prophecy, or at least an intimation of the marvellous success we were to enjoy in our Senior Year.

"The class of 1908—a pretty nice lot of youngsters, and when you are as old as I, you will realize how nice it is to be called a youngster."—Mr. Lindsey Best.

"It is hard to see the Seniors leave."—Mr. Henry R. Hubbard.

Those Who Have Made '08 Socially Prominent

The social affairs of the Class of 1908 have been great successes from every point of view. Some of the committees who have helped '08 by arranging and carrying thru these are:

- | | |
|--|--|
| Sept. 30. For Class Pins.
Walter Caldwell, Chairman.
Elsa Cook
Sara Sanderson
George H. Fisher, Jr.
Chauncey Murphey
Percy Mygrant | February 10. To purchase flowers for
Miss Lock.
Elsie Knowlton, Chairman.
Rose Nash
Elizabeth Randall |
| October 22. For arranging for Hal-
lowe'en.
Sara Sanderson, Chairman.
Edna Eckert
Helen Dorothy
Esther Crampton
Walter Caldwell
Chauncey Murphey | April 29. Class Day.
Percy Mygrant, Chairman.
Esther Crampton
Elizabeth Pound
Elizabeth Randall
Sara Sanderson
George Fisher
Sallo Kahn
Orlando Lounsbury |
| December 20. To arrange for dance.
Sara Sanderson, Chairman.
Esther Crampton.
Eva Kelly
Stanley Karner | May 14. For feed Saturday before Com-
mencement.
Sara Sanderson, Chairman.
Esther Crampton
Edna Eckert
Elizabeth Pound
Orlando Lounsbury
Henry Pound
Percy Mygrant |
| December 21. To arrange for Christmas
roasts.
Chauncey Murphey, Chairman.
Elsa Cook
Esther Crampton
Elizabeth Pound
Walter Caldwell
George Fisher
Arthur Titsworth | May 19. For arranging refreshments
for Senior team at Senior-Faculty
Game.
Elsa Cook, Chairman.
Marjorie Harris
Lillian Whittall |
| January 6. To arrange boys' dance to
girls in return for picnic.
Stanley Karner, Chairman.
Henry Pound
Dudley Wilcox | To select a play.
Walter Caldwell, Chairman.
Elizabeth Pound
Elsa Cook
Orlando Lounsbury
Eleanor Van Tuyl |

It's mighty strange; but a woman who will jump on a chair when she sees a mouse will wear rats in her hair; and it's funny that typists often strike over such a small matter as a bee (b).

Salutation

Roy Clifton Whittall

Mr. President and Members of the Board of Education: We give you cordial greeting tonight, and take this opportunity to express to you our hearty appreciation and gratitude for all that you have done for us. You have planned and built a splendidly equipped building, which we have enjoyed for two years; you have given us an excellent Superintendent and corps of teachers, who, in our estimation, can not be equalled; and you have, in countless ways that we know nothing of, sacrificed time and strength that we might be profited. We grieve with you in the loss of the late President of the Board, Dr. Probasco, who was our tried and proved friend; and we include him with you in our gratitude. From our hearts we thank you.

Dr. Maxson, words can not express what is in our hearts to say to you. Throughout our school life, your presence has cheered us on, and you have made us happy by words of comfort, advice and praise.

Mr. Travell, you have been untiring in efforts to help us, both as a class and as individuals, over the stumbling blocks in our path thru the High School. You have advised us in our moments of indecision, and have shown us the right course. We earnestly thank you for this helpful co-operation, and for the many pleasures you have given us, and we are grateful to all our teachers for their untiring patience, their kindness, and their help.

To you, the Citizens of Plainfield, we are grateful for this day, the day which marks the climax and the end of our public education. It is you who have given us our school buildings and the opportunity of an education; it is you who have elected as members of the Board of Education the best men in the community; it is you who have supported the Board of Education, the Superintendent, and the Principals in exercising good management thruout the school system. We have enjoyed our school life; we have profited by it; and we thank you for it.



The Remarkable Class of 1908

Photo by Neagle

Valedictory Address

Esther Barton Crampton

Classmates, this is the last night that we shall be gathered together as the Seniors of dear old P. H. S. We have always loved our school. Not until now that the moment of parting has come do we realize how much we love it. We remember now only the happy and helpful things in our course. We fully appreciate what we have enjoyed, just as it passes out of our grasp. Classmates, as we part this evening each enters a different course of life. Some will be more successful than others, but wherever our duty may be, or whatever our success in meeting it, let us try never to forget the lessons we have learned here—lessons from things outside the curriculum as well as in it. Joined with the other Alumni, let us strive to do our utmost for the advancement and welfare of the Plainfield High School, within whose walls we have spent so many happy hours.

In one of his poems Emerson gives us a splendid motto, which beautified his own life and has beautified the lives of thousands of others, who made it their own.

“Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best.”

Let it be our parting word—a motto to remind us that after all this is a commencement of life, not simply the end of study. May that which has helped so many others help you and me in the days that are to come.

Some Curious Facts About the Class of 1908

It claims the honor of having the tallest graduate, with 6 feet, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Its shortest graduate is slightly over 5 feet.

The total weight of the class is 4,829 pounds, or equivalent to the weight of two trolley cars.

It has held more class meetings than any other class ever in the school. Up to June 5, 33 had been held in the senior year alone.

It has had more good times in its senior year than any other class.

Members of 1908 have been proportionately higher in scholarship than any other class, and there has been greater rivalry for the honors.

It has won more athletic honors and holds more cups than any other class, and one of its members has won the championship by over thirty points—something never done before in the history of the school.

It is the first class to graduate in the New Plainfield theatre, and have Dr. Maxson for the Commencement speaker.

It is the first class to hold its class play in the New Plainfield theatre.

If all of its members were placed, one on top of another, the total height would be 295 feet, or equivalent to half the height of the Singer building.

The total wind capacity of the class is 7,500 on the register.

Of its graduates, five have had business interests outside of school whose total earnings outside of school hours equal nearly \$1,200; two have successfully taught dancing classes organized by themselves; four have taught music; another is a professional architect; another an assistant high school teacher for two years and another has worked for an undertaker.

Not a single member of '08 has died from overstudy.

Remarkable Achievements of '08 in its Senior Year

WALLACE J. PEARCE.

The last year a class spends in school is generally a very busy one; because of the increased number of social events, together with the increased difficulty of the course of studies; and usually an increased interest in the field of athletics.

Early in October the class went on a picnic to the mountains. Our Senior teacher, Mr. Best, proved to be a good cook, and Mr. Travell proved to be a good eater; so did they all for that matter. Coming home it was a case of running between the drops, but by the way the crowd looked when it reached town, it appeared more as if they had been running into them.

A new feature of school life in which the Senior Class took a prominent part was the reception given to the Freshmen.

Another social event of the season was on Hallowe'en night, when the members of the class appeared in various disguises. After a simple, but appropriate repast in the lunch room, the party went to the auditorium where dancing was enjoyed.

At Thanksgiving, the class entertained the Juniors with a dance and a "feed." Soon after this there was organized a Senior Dancing Class, which included practically all of the 1908 members, and several pupils from the Junior class. The example here set led to the forming of other classes thruout the school, and was the means of giving much pleasure to many.

At Christmas, when the Seniors always exercise the privilege to "roast" the Juniors, an entirely new method was introduced. The "criminal" underclassmen were haled before the tribunal by Policeman Arthur Titsworth and Sheriff Wallace Pearce and were then sentenced by Judge Orlando Lounsbury.

On the night of December 30th, a dance was held in Truell Hall, and refreshments were served at a late hour. Indeed the hour was so late that the trolleys had stopped running, and one of the dancers was compelled to flag the 2 A. M. train to get back to town.

Later in the year, scenes from "Julius Cæsar" were presented in the auditorium by the members of our class. The preparation of the production was entirely in the hands of Miss Eleanor Van Tuyl, Miss Elizabeth Pound, and Sallo M. Kahn. To their efforts, the success of the play was largely due.

We will briefly skip over the account of the victories over all competitors, and the capturing of the school championship by both the class baseball and class basketball teams, as a more complete article about them appears on another page.

We will also just refer to our class play—the most successful ever given by any class of the Plainfield High School. The name, “She Stoops to Conquer”; the class, our own, '08 of course; the success, in prestige, incalculable; the place, the theatre. This by the way is an entirely new departure, no school play having ever been given in a public playhouse of this kind before.

On the night of June 6th, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Travell gave the class a reception in the school auditorium, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

We next proceeded to blow in a little of the “dough” we made on the Senior Play, and on the night of June 13, we had a grand banquet in the school gymnasium, with speeches and all other features that go with a successful affair of the kind. Class Day and Commencement closed our remarkable Senior year.

Moving Day

ELIZABETH RANDALL.

Because it's moving-day, moving-day,
That's why we are gathered here to-night.
We've packed our grips to take a speedy flight,
Because it's moving-day, we're sorry that we have to go away,
But our work here is thru and it's time to skiddoo
'Cause it's mo-o-o-o-o-ving-day.

Because it's moving-day, moving-day,
Our lease is over and we've got to go,
For Zeus, the landlord, you know, has told us so.
Because it's moving-day, we've packed up all our things to go away
Tho' you sadly moan and sigh we must bid you all good-bye,
'Cause it's mo-o-o-o-o-ving-day.

Last Will and Testament

M. ELIZABETH POUND.

We, the Class of 1908, Being of Sound Mind, Memory, and Understanding, do make and publish this our last Will and Testament in manner following, that is to say:

We, the aforesaid Class of 1908, do hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the students of the High School at large:—

Firstly: The amount of \$——, as a contribution toward the teleelectric piano player.

Secondly: The honor of having Percy Mygrant play first cornet in the orchestra next year.

Thirdly: Do we give, devise, and bequeath to all succeeding classes our share in the following: A. The new tennis courts. B. The coming bicycle sheds. C. The Athletic Association (both boys and girls.) D. The Musical Clubs. E. The brilliant Debating Society.

Fourthly: The pleasure of trying to surpass our jollity and good times, together with Sara Sanderson's nonsense and Chauncey Murphey's tomfoolery and high jinks.

Lastly: Do we give a sum sufficient to frame 15 purple hat hands, upon which are written 3 white Greek letters, and to have the aforesaid hung in the museum of the P. H. S. as a memento of a "would be" fraternity.

Futhermore do we give and bequeath to the illustrious Junior Class, the following:

Firstly: The long sought for desire of becoming a "Senior" and assuming such privileges as that position confers, to wit: A. The front seats in Chapel. B. Room 34, and the exclusive right to Mr. Best. C. Mr. Travell for English teacher and the joys of Julius Cæsar and Macbeth. D. The Senior lunch room tables. E. The courage to produce a better Senior Play.

Secondly: Do we give, devise, and bequeath all rights to pay the deficit in the afore mentioned teleelectric piano player.

To the present Sophomore class, remains the sole right of aspiring to all the high standards set for them by the Class of 1908, and of striving to attain the same when they reach their Senior year.

To the Freshman Class: Do we give and bequeath, the right of appointing their Class president, Mr. William Little, manager of all electrical works in the P. H. S.—thus partly filling the vacancy left by the late George Henry Fisher, Jr.

To the class of 1912, we give, devise, and bequeath, all class decorating materials. The same are to be obtained by communication with the executors.

Furthermore, to the janitors, do we give, all copies of Burke's Conciliation, now in school, to be evenly divided between them. The same are to be used for the one purpose of starting the first furnace fire next fall.

We do will that, under the direction of the executors the class flag be sold at auction on the 17th day of June, 1908, during the 2nd period of the morning, and furthermore do we will that only members of the Senior Class shall be present, and that Mr. I. W. Travell, Principal of the P. H. S., shall act as auctioneer.

These provisions having been duly made and witnessed we do appoint Mr. Benjamin Evans and Mr. George Broadbent, executors of this one last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, on this 16th day of June, 1908, we have caused our class seal to be affixed to this our last Will and Testament, and the same to be signed by our President, and attested by our Secretary.

CLASS OF 1908.

W. T. LAMBERT, *Pres.*

P. L. MYGRANT, *Sec.*

Chauncey Murphey, Yale Cup Winner

Chauncey Murphey was awarded the Yale cup this year at the morning exercise on June 17th by Mr. Edward Stevenson.

Murphey, during his high school career, has easily proved himself the best all around man of the class of 1908.

His classmates are proud of him, the faculty is proud of him, and the school at large is proud of him; and all heartily join in the cry—

“What’s the matter with Murphey?”

“He’s all right!”

The Brilliant Class of '08

SARA L. SANDERSON.

Nineteen four we got here,
Nineteen eight we leave,
For four long years we've been quite good, that you can all believe.
And so dear underclassmen,
Just follow up aright,
The good example we have set to guide you thru the fight.
Our good school spirit try to emulate,
And don't forget the class of 1908.

CHORUS.

Junior dear, just listen here,
You've a great big position to fill;
Soph'mores too, your lessons do,
And like us, work with a will.
And Freshies, as you sit in dear P. H. S.,
If you too would be great,
You must be like the Seniors,
The brilliant class of '08.

Schoolmates dear, we leave you,
Things you'll treasure much,
And tho' our own fine reputation you can never touch,
Just cherish this dear schoolhouse,
Its standards keep up high,
Above all others, you surely know, red and blue must fly;
And clear above all must ring out our cry,
Where'er we are, for dear old Plainfield High. CHORUS.



CAST OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Photo by Stone

She Stoops to Conquer

A Great Play Given in a Great Way by a Great Class

An audience of fully 1,000 enjoyed an able presentation of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Plainfield Theatre Saturday night, May 9, by the class of 1908 of the Plainfield High School.

Written to satirize a sentimental comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer" was studied and presented as an old comedy, such as the author intended it to be, depicting an artificial age—an age of richly-colored character and strongly-marked manners. So ably was the play given that it is likely that had Charles Lamb been present, he could not have deplored the fact that an audience does not appreciate an old comedy, or that an old comedy cannot be produced in modern times without sacrificing lines to fit modern conditions.

Unquestionably this play is the greatest dramatic effort ever attempted by Plainfield High School students, and not only was it a success artistically, but financially, as well.

"She Stoops to Conquer" is a comedy unlike the modern comedy in that the plot depends upon the characters, rather than the characters upon the plot. Possibly it was for this reason that the play was so great a success.

Miss Sara L. Sanderson took the difficult part of Mrs. Hardcastle with vigor and rare ability. Her skillful expression of varied consternation, largely by gesture, brought out the many possibilities of the part, and the audience testified its appreciation of her efforts, in that exquisite mirth so indicative of the highest enjoyment.

Chauncey Murphey distinguished himself as Tony Lumpkins. His action and repartee were especially good while the latter lacked that declamatory effect so characteristic of amateurs. He did not force his part in the least and kept the audience at a high pitch.

Miss Esther Crampton excelled in the role of Miss Hardcastle, especially where the latter assumed the part of a coy bar maid. She interpreted the part simply and naturally. Miss Elsa Cook's role of Miss Neville was meritorious. She was composed and developed many difficult situations in an able manner. Orlando Lounsbury entered into the spirit of Young Marlow with enthusiasm. As a bashful lover, and as a bold swain to a bar maid, he displayed versatile skill. He especially excelled in the first meeting with Miss Hardcastle.

Percy Mygrant assumed the part of old Mr. Hardcastle with unusual ability. His dry humor and the situations in which he was involved, provoked much laughter. Donald Mortimer created a favorable impression by his able interpretation of Hastings, and Sallo Kahn in the roles of Sir Charles Marlow and Stingo, brought out the mannerisms of the age in which the play was written.

Arthur Titsworth deserves special mention for his work as Diggory. He brought conscientious fervor into the part and was very funny. Walter Hammond was especially good as Jeremy, and Mose Rubenstein and John Schofield made much of minor parts. Miss Katherine Gray took the part of a maid simply and well and the work of Leslie Leland, especially in the tavern scene where he took a tenor part in the chorus, was good.

The cast was coached by Miss Elsie Goddard and the complete success of the play reflects much credit on her ability in that capacity. Music for the play was furnished by Suhr's orchestra, which rendered a pleasing program.

The management of the affair included the following executives, and its success is due in a large measure to their efforts: Business manager, Walter B. Caldwell; assistant business manager, William V. Rafferty; property managers, Isidore Rothberg and Mose Rubenstein; advertising manager, Henry Pound; chairman of candy committee, Miss Carola Hart; program committee, Sallo M. Kahn and Arthur B. Titsworth, and the head usher, Augustus Nash, was assisted by the following: Wallace Pearce, Henry Pound and John Dutcher.

Farewell

SALLO M. KAHN.

1908 is going away;
Don't cry to see us go,
We'll come back some other day
When we have made the "dough."

And now we must be going;
We've packed our grips to-day
And so good-bye, dear Plainfield High,
We have to go away.

1908

Class

Officers

Junior,

Walter Bruce Caldwell, President.
M. Elizabeth Pound, Vice President.
Roy C. Whitall, Secretary and Treasurer.

Senior,

William T. Lambert, President.
Sara Sanderson, Vice President.
Percy L. Mygrant, Secretary and Treasurer.

Freshman,

Ralph Taylor, President.
Horace Vail, President.
Josephine Serrell, Vice President.
Gladys Burt, Secretary and Treasurer.

Sophomore,

Horace Vail, President.
M. Elizabeth Pound, Vice President.
Edna Eckert, Secretary and Treasurer.



FAMOUS PEOPLE OF 1908.

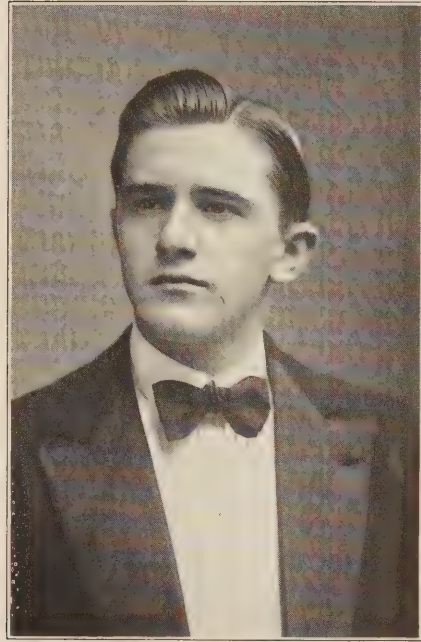
Sara Louise Sanderson

Vice President
of 1908



Sara Louise Sanderson is the vice president of '08 who, inconspicuously and often without recognition, has done more actual service to the class than any one else; whose original ideas and energy have contributed largely to the success of most of the social and other activities of the class, and whose loyal support has always been given cheerfully to every school organization. She is possessed of a sunny disposition, a high degree of æsthetic sense, and a frank, engaging personality that is at once spontaneous and contagious. There is a vim, a whole-hearted enthusiasm about Sara that sweeps one along with her—perhaps in a fantasy of nonsense, but more generally in an outburst of mature, sensible thought. She radiates optimism to all with whom she comes in contact, is tactful and is given to those little graces that go to make others happier. '08 is proud of Sara Sanderson and congratulates her upon winning a first prize in English composition.

Percy La Barre Mygrant
Secretary-Treasurer
of 1908



Percy La Barre Mygrant has filled his position of senior class treasurer with system, energy and tact. He took part in "Which is Which", the play given in our junior year, and in "She Stoops to Conquer." As chairman of the Class Day committee he carried thru a program of variety and interest. He has always been interested in the affairs of the class, and has cheerfully contributed his ability on all occasions. He is quiet, but a tireless worker, and honest almost to a fault. In scholarship he ranks with Donald Mortimer next to the Salutatorian. He is a good friend and a gentleman in every sense of the word. He is an expert cornet soloist and a motor cycle enthusiast, with mushrooms and photography as an extra hobby.

**Orlando H. Lounsbury**

Orlando H. Lounsbury, as one of the principal managers of "Which is Which", the play given in our junior year, as a principal character in "She Stoops to Conquer", and in various other less conspicuous but eminently important capacities, has been a stalwart supporter of 1908. He is an able business man, always ready to help his classmates or his school, and is a good, warm friend.

M. Elizabeth Pound

Elizabeth Pound is one of the 1908 girls who in the capacity of Girls' basketball manager, Vice President of 1908 for two years, and an officer of the G. A. A., has brought unusual executive ability to bear on her work, which has been fruitful in great success in all cases. She also held the position of Exchange editor of the ORACLE with credit. 1908 is proud of Bess Pound.

**Augustus C. Nash**

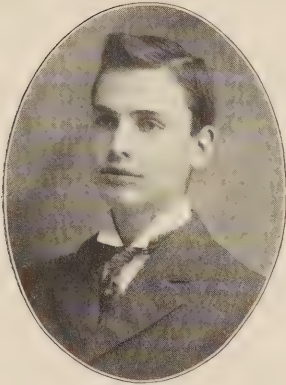
The complete success of the varsity basketball team in winning the inter-city championship, and in defeating the best team in the city—the Y. M. C. A. first five—is due in a large measure to the able management of Augustus C. Nash. He has advertised his games persistently, and has had to contend with a crippled team and poor financial support from the school. Despite this he brought the team out with a creditable record.

George Henry Pound

A quiet lad, but of a business turn of mind, especially in the direction of managing teams. "Hienie" has had the honor of carrying off the managership of two school and three class teams during his life at old P. H. S.

**Walter Bruce Caldwell**

This is Walter Caldwell, better known as "Bruce"—the star basketball player of P. H. S., and manager of the Senior play. Some day soon folks will wake up and realize the fact that "Bruce" was one of the few fellows who helped make the class of 1908 the famous one that it is.

**George H. Fisher**

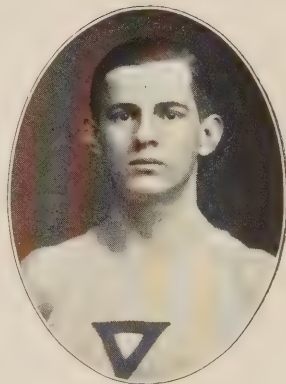
Mr. Fisher is one of the most conscientious members of the class of 1908, and has given much of his time to the best interests of the school. No matter what the organization or class, whenever it has been necessary for any electrical arrangements to be perfected, George could always be relied upon to help out.

At a recent meeting of one of the school societies, Mr. Travell estimated that Mr. Fisher had saved the school anywhere from one hundred to two hundred dollars a year, by keeping the bell and clock systems in order.



Charles H. Line

In Mr. Line we claim an honor which no other class in the Plainfield High School has ever been able to boast of. At the recent meet of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Line captured the coveted honor of gymnastic championship of Plainfield. Charley has also taken considerable part in school athletics, and has played on the different basketball teams with much credit to himself and to the school.

**Eleanor Van Tuyl**

Eleanor is a somber, meek little lass whose main talent runs in literary directions. She is constantly "shining" in Senior English, the ORACLE has also been frequently honored by her contributions to its pages, and for one year that paper claimed Miss Van Tuyl as one of its prominent editors.

**William H. Rafferty**

William Rafferty, the manager of the base ball team this year, has brought characteristic 1908 energy to bear in his work, and has carried the team thru one of its most successful seasons. He has been tireless in his work and his business acumen has saved the school considerable money. He is the first manager to anticipate Mr. Best's annual spring base ball talk.



**Mr. Lindsey Best**

For the first time this year, Mr. Best acted as senior teacher. An able instructor in that he has unlimited patience, a thorough knowledge and interest in his subjects and the capacity for creating enthusiasm among his students, Mr. Best is also popular among the students, especially with the members of '08, because of spirit of good fellowship and interest in the class.

Walter Hammond

Walter Hammond, the genius of science, and all-round good student, brought distinction to the class as captain of the 1908 senior basketball team. Here he selected a team from a limited number of candidates, trained them into a good working body, and thru his executive ability brought out the champion team—champion of champions, in that the class team defeated the P. H. S. five, the conquerors of the mighty Y. M. C. A. team. Mr. Hammond was one of the few captains who is always ready to get out of the game himself and let another take his place when he thinks the team will benefit thereby.

**William Lambert**

William Lambert has the distinction of being the first editor-in-chief of the ORACLE to resign from office and of having raised more "Cain" in his short term than all of his predecessors put together. As president of the senior class he has also come into the limelight for similar distinction.



An Original Julius Cæsar by 1908

Brutus Changed Complexion Four Times : Caesar Came to Life and Titinius' Death Cost 45 Cents

George Washington with a pair of gold spectacles perched sideways on his nose, Pallas Athene, Moses—who was found in the bull rushes—and Winged Victory without a head, looked down with awe from their places on the platform on the morning of April third when the Class of 1908 gave a distinctly original presentation of scenes from Julius Cæsar as a complement to the course in senior English.

The scenes were complete in every respect and the cast was coached entirely by Elizabeth Pound, Eleanor Van Tuyl and Sallo M. Kahn. Success—Who does not remember with what pride Mr. Travell got up after the performance and said, "This play was presented wholly by the students of 1908, without one bit of outside assistance," and who does not remember how no one seemed to doubt his word?

When Walter Hammond, garbed in a Roman uniform that almost fitted him, stumbled up to the forum, which does service as a music rack on week days, and in a voice that sounded like flowing organ music pleaded to the crowd over the bier of the dead Cæsar—lately Elsie Knowlton—the shade of Marc Anthony must have been proud.

And did not Brutus, the noblest Roman of them all, lead the most checkered career? Entering as the squeaky-voiced Roy Whitall, whose sheet wasn't pinned up evenly in all corners, producing a rainy day effect, he so lost himself over the nagging of Cassius, Isidore Rothberg—as any one might—that he dyed his hair in the next scene and appeared as Sallo M. Kahn. Who did not drop a tear at the noble efforts of Brutus—this time in the disguise of Eleanor Van Tuyl—to die a manly death?

From the elevation of a chair and Webster's Unabridged, Henry Pound as Pindarus told of the progress of the battle and prepared the audience for the touching scene that followed in which Brutus awakened his little page Lucilius—John Dutcher—to calm his restlessness with a tune. And after Lucilius had lulled Brutus to slumber with the music of "Love me and the World is Mine," who did not echo with him, "This is a sleepy tune?"

Who does not remember with a feeling of horror of how John Schofield, as the noble Titinius, placed his hand over his left lung, and with a

sigh like a soda fountain, ran his sword—hilt and all—clear thru his body till it struck the afore-mentioned Moses, chipping off a piece that cost John 45 cents?

But the mob—that vast, swaying, tumultuous multitude whose continual outbursts could not be checked—who did not recognize in it, Sara Sanderson, Chauncey Murphey and Francis Foster, who looks like Hobson?

“1908 are the game kids for keeps and are all to the merry in every way.”—Stanley Robins, president of 1909.

“Of course 1908 is a very nice class—that goes without saying. Whoever questioned it?”—Miss S. Lena Bass.

“That is just what I was going to say.”—Benjamin Evans.

“1908, w-a-a-l, um ah, what was that? I guess they’ll do, only they suffer from insomnia.”—Douglas Davis, president of 1910.

“George Fisher is the whole senior class.”—William Little, president of 1911.

1908 has had a monopoly of the position of Exchange Editor of the ORACLE; Charlotte Taylor, Eva Kelly, Elizabeth Pound and Eleanor Van Tuyl have filled that position. F. Rollin Williams and William T. Lambert were elected editors-in-chief of the ORACLE by the class of 1908.

“The class of 1908 has been on the go all the time and has simply ‘zip-ped things along.’”—Miss Iola Moore.

The Class of 1908

ORLANDO H. LOUNSBURY.

Of all the classes in P. H. S.
Stands alone, one of mighty fame;
One class that towers above the rest,
Because it's simply great.
Now we won't say but perhaps you'll guess,
For we're always in the game,
On the field of war
With a hip-hu-rah
We'll fight for old nought eight.

Nought eight's the class of work and mirth;
We'll cheer the flag she flies.
Hurrah to her sons, the best on earth,
And to her daughters wise.
Here's to the class which we love best,
Here's to each dear classmate,
Here's to the Pride of P. H. S.
The Class of *Nineteen Eight*.

Oh nineteen eight! dear nineteen eight!
We leave you now with tears;
We'll be to you
So good—so true
Thruout the coming years.
Alas! dear class,
School-days are past;
Departed with a sigh,
By all that's right
To red and white
Three cheers for Plainfield High!

Greatest Athletes in P. H. S. Are 1908 Men

Who They Are and What They Have Done

WALLACE J. PEARCE.

The class of 1908 has always taken a leading position in athletics in the Plainfield High School, and its members have supplied much of the brain and brawn that has gone to make up school organizations; while in inter-class contests '08 has always been of a calibre that has compelled the others to "sit up and take notice."

In the Field Meet held in our Freshman year, the class was far and away the strongest Freshman contestant that any meet had ever seen. Vail set a new pace for the sixty, and came in second in the hundred. There was no inter-class series either of basketball or baseball during this year and the following. In the meet of our Sophomore year, we surprised everyone by winning out against the rest of the school. Vail here hung up a new record for the 220 Yard Dash, which still stands. This was the first time that Murphey was in a contest of this kind, and he acquitted himself very creditably.

In the meet of 1906, the class failed to land the championship, but Chauncey Murphey won the individual, and also handed up a new record for the Hundred Yard Dash. This record still stands.

In the years 1907-8, our Senior Year, we swept everything before us. We won the Field Meet, and Murphey again captured the individual championship, besides breaking the record for the Standing Broad while handicapped by an injured knee. Walter Hammond, a new man, broke the record for Running Broad, by clearing 18 feet, 1 inch. No small credit for the victory is due to the way the class supported the team, it having the the largest bunch of "rooters" of any of the classes.

After capturing the inter-class basketball trophy, the '08 team defeated the school team by the score of 39-33. In this game our "STAR FIND" Murphey was off duty, and Walter Caldwell was playing on the "Varsity."

Then when the baseball season came around, we also proved ourselves champions of the school. On May 28th the 1908 team played the faculty. They just had to win; the faculty refused.

It wasn't such a bad game to look at the score, but when one begins to look over the error column, he finds that it hardly deserved the name of baseball.

There have never been any inter-class girl teams, but some of our girls,

such as Esther Crampton, Eleanor Van Tuyl, and Elizabeth Pound, have furnished either the brain or the muscle to make the name of our girls stand for clean play and victory in basketball.

Among the boys one name stands out above all others for participation in school athletics—Chauncey Murphey. But there have been other great names in athletics which have made the school and class stand where it ought always to be—at the top. Out from amidst a great number of lesser lights stand the names of Horace Vail, Arthur Titsworth, Mose Rubenstein, Walter Hammond, Francis Foster, Dudley Wilcox, Charles Line and Walter Caldwell. These have done all in their power to make the name of Plainfield High School and '08 endure in the calendar of athletic achievements.

Baseball Team

Henry Pound, Manager
 Mose Rubenstein, Captain
 Walter Hammond, Center Field
 John Dutcher, 1st Base
 Augustus Nash, 2d Base
 Donald Mortimer, Short Stop
 Chauncey Murphey, 3d Base
 Francis Foster, Pitcher
 John Schofield, Left Field
 Arthur Titsworth, Right Field
 Walter Caldwell, Catcher

Basketball Team

Henry Pound, Manager
 Walter Hammond, Captain; R. G.
 John Dutcher, Center
 Chauncey Murphey, Forward
 Charles Line, Forward
 John Schofield, Left Guard
 Arthur Titsworth, Forward

Substitutes

Orlando Lounsbury
 Isidore Rothberg
 Sallo M. Kahn

Winning the Derby Twice

These were not horse races. They were events that correspond to that classic in our school life, however—the annual Inter-Class Field Meet. The class of 1908 is the only class that has ever succeeded in winning this contest twice, and most unusual of all, one of these times was in the Sophomore Year. In the meet last fall our class—the class—galloped home away ahead of the field with Murphey up.



1908 CHAMPION BASKETBALL TEAM.

Photo by Stone



1908 CHAMPION BASEBALL TEAM.

Photo by Stone

Circus Maximus

BY ORLANDO H. LOUNSBURY.

The Time—Thursday, May 28; 3:30 P. M.

The Place—Crescent Oval.

The Attraction—???????

Ringling Brothers' Circus played a return engagement in Plainfield on the afternoon of May 28th; it came in the guise of the second annual Senior-Faculty Baseball game. The day appeared on the scenes a fine clear one, and by recess our confident schoolmasters were showering upon us kind sympathies for our predestined defeat. Mr. Best was late to school because of his early morning practice, and our athletic principal went home after the third period to use Omega Oil.

"Play Ball," shouted umpire Listman at 3:30 sharp, and the mighty Faculty Team hopefully took their positions in the field.

It certainly takes the Seniors to do things with a vim, for even the Faculty's Best player was the Senior teacher. Of the pedagogues that tried to show us how to play the national game Mr. Best deserves the most credit, for he played something that looked like baseball; batting well, holding down second, and giving the Seniors twisters that were as hard to puzzle out as his own electrical experiments.

Mr. Travell, in perfect form (and bicycle trousers) was at his regular position, first base. His motto was "If at first you don't succeed, try again;" on the majority of the grounders he was obliged to "try again." Once or twice he managed to fan freely at that true Chadwickian atmosphere that was so plentiful that afternoon.

"Ben" Evans, Professor of Cleanliness, pitched the first half of the game for the Faculty, but as you know Ben "is one of the boys," he took pity on us; he allowed us a *few* hits, but held down second in faultless style.

"By Jove" but Broadbent, Ph. DD., played our national game at short-stop, "don't you know," just as if it were cricket. "'Pon my honor," he stopped most everything that came his way.

On third was our old friend Mr. Hubbard, who showed us that he knew a thing or two about the consistency of a microscopic cross-section of

a baseball. He picked up the scorchers in great shape, but once Murphey hit him a hard one. "I will do my utmost to grasp that bounding sphere of leather," he loudly shouted. He did his utmost—but he failed to grasp, so the left fielder stopped it with his foot.

The left fielder was Mr. Howe of history fame. He busied himself by looking for four-leaf clovers, and praying that the ball wouldn't come his way—and if it did that he wouldn't have to run for it. We disturbed him once or twice, however, but when he came to throw, his arm was sore. He explained the matter satisfactorily, however, by stating that he spent most of the night walking the floor with the baby.

In the tall grass regions of deep center stood the Head of the Commercial Department. He was repeating to himself his motto, the Marshall Field & Company Idea. "To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way—to eliminate errors!!!" That was far enough for just then one of our many hits sailed by his southpaw and he turned and ran. He picked the ball up somewhere near Woodland avenue—just across the hill.

Dr. Maxson, his hands encased in those same gauntlets, was in right garden. Last year he played in left field and clearly showed that he was the equal of Willie Keeler. Captain Best, however, thought it advisable to put him in a position where he would have more to do, so he sent him to right field, where he was kept busy stopping grounders that were too warm for the first baseman's delicate fingers.

Doane of 1909 caught for the Faculty in great style.

The Seniors scored 2 runs in the first inning, 7 in the second, 5 in the fourth and 2 in the seventh; so when the teachers came to the bat in the last half of that inning the score was 16 to 0 in favor of the Seniors. But this was too easy, and there was no excitement. We had gone to Crescent Oval to have some fun—and we decided to have it. So by walking a few men, having a catch between ourselves while they ran around the bases and by throwing the ball over the fence instead of to the first baseman, we managed to let them score 3 runs. The game was just beginning to sparkle a little bit, so in the eighth we did the same. This encouraged them and they scored fast. Again the bases were full with Mr. Best at the bat with 3 balls and two strikes already against him. One more and—he hit the ball—a rough, brutal, impolite swat, and away it flew toward Netherwood Station. When the cheering ceased and the dust cloud arose from the dia-

mond the scorebook showed eight more runs for the Instructors—a marvelous accomplishment. We had had our fun, so we ended the game by striking out three men, leaving the score 16 to 11. Triumphantlly we marched from the field, having retained our unbroken list of victories.

But don't forget the eatings—the best part of it. The Senior girls furnished the class team (and a few others) with lemonade, cake, and candy, while Miss Ferry and Miss Pope saw that the “flower of the Faculty” got all they wanted to drink.

And all for 25 cents—refreshments, a circus, a baseball game? ? ? and a practical if not dramatic presentation of Shakespeare's play, “A Comedy of Errors.”

Some Things We Have Learned in Our High School Course

That Economics does not mean making one dollar do where two did before.

That stenography is not always shorthand.

That a teacher of physics is not necessarily a physician.

That English is not always grammar.

That distribution is not transportation.

And that domestic science is only cooking.

To Do Some Things Better Than Were Ever Done Before

Please do not take this for a sermon nor a lecture on morals. It is merely to call your attention to the fact that '08 has done some things better than they were ever done before by hanging up more new records than any other class that has ever been in the school. Records held by '08 are as follows:

Running Broad Jump—Walter E. Hammond, 18' 1".

100 Yards Dash—Chauncey R. Murphey, 10 $\frac{3}{5}$ Sec.

220 Yard Dash—Horace Vail, 23 $\frac{3}{5}$ Sec.

Standing Broad Jump—Chauncey R. Murphey, 9' 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Statistics

Adopted by Vote of the Class

Most popular,	Biggest fusser,
Elizabeth Pound.	Elsa Cook,
Chauncey Murphey.	Bess Pound,
Handsomest boy,	Charles Line.
Walter Caldwell.	Biggest jollier,
Dudley Wilcox.	Sara Sanderson,
Prettiest girl,	Sallo M. Kahn,
Eleanor Van Tuyl.	Best mannered girl,
Rose Nash.	Marjorie Harris.
Most class spirit,	Best mannered boy,
John Dutcher.	Percy Mygrant.
Best all around girl,	Most likely to marry,
Elizabeth Pound.	Elsa Mae Cook,
Best all around boy,	Orlando Hastings Lounsbury.
Chauncey Murphey.	Least likely to marry,
"E-Z"-est Mark,	George Fisher.
Carola Hart,	Most likely to succeed,
George Fisher.	Katherine Gray,
Meekest,	Donald Mortimer.
Eleanor Thompson,	Most musical,
Roy Whitall.	Elsie Knowlton,
Most athletic,	Percy Mygrant.
Esther Crampton,	Biggest bluffer,
Chauncey Murphey.	Sara Sanderson,
Most original,	Chauncey Murphey.
Elizabeth Randall.	Biggest grafter,
Dudley Wilcox.	Elizabeth Pound,
Done most for P. H. S.	Walter Caldwell.
Esther Crampton,	Most generous,
Chauncey Murphey.	Marjorie Harris,
Done most for '08,	Henry Pound.
Elizabeth Pound,	Biggest grouch,
Sara L. Sanderson.	Mary Mortimer,
Best actor,	George Fisher.
Chauncey Murphey.	Best singer,
Best actress,	Edna Eckert,
Sara Sanderson.	Leslie Leland.
Faculty pet,	Faculty torment,
Esther Crampton.	Sara Sanderson,
Faculty rusher,	Walter Caldwell.
Arthur Titsworth.	Sportiest,
Neatest,	Laura Baker,
Marjorie Harris,	Walter Caldwell.
Francis Foster.	Biggest giggler,
Jolliest,	Elsie Knowlton,
Arthur Titsworth,	Wallace Pearce.
Sara Sanderson.	

Most sentimental,
 Eleanor Van Tuyl,
 Walter Hammond.

Best natured,
 Elsie Knowlton,
 Arthur Titsworth.

Biggest kicker,
 Helen Sachar,
 William Lambert.

Biggest rough-house,
 Sara Sanderson,
 Arthur Titsworth.

Most artistic,
 Lillian Whitall,
 Cornelia Christofferson,
 George Fisher.

Most hot-air,
 Laura Woolston,
 Wallace Pearce.

Biggest appetite,
 Esther Crampton,
 Chauncey Murphey.

Most Frivolous,
 Sara Sanderson.

Brightest,
 Esther Crampton,
 Roy Whitall.

Biggest Flirt,
 Eva Kelly,
 Walter Caldwell.

Wittiest,
 William Rafferty.

Most talkative,
 Sara Sanderson,
 Wallace Pearce.

Quietest,
 Ethel Brick,
 Roy Whitall.

Most easily fussed,
 Marjorie Harris,
 Henry Pound.

Hardest to rattle,
 Bess Pound,
 Sallo M. Kahn.

Most devoted,
 Elsa Cook,
 Charles Line.

Worst knocker,
 Esther Crampton,
 Arthur Titsworth.

Most graceful,
 Marjorie Harris,
 Walter Caldwell.

Most dignified,
 Marjorie Harris,
 Henry Pound.

Most happy-go-lucky,
 Sara Sanderson,
 Chauncey Murphey.

Most bashful,
 Edith Elliot,
 Mose Rubenstein.

Tallest,
 Mary Mortimer,
 Ray Dutcher.

Shortest,
 Esther Crampton,
 Leslie Leland.

Biggest butt-in,
 Carola Hart,
 Wallace Pearce.

Fairest,
 Marjorie Brown,
 Roy Whitall.

Fattest,
 Lillian Whitall,
 George Fisher,
 Augustus Nash.

Skinniest,
 Laura Woolston,
 Arthur Titsworth.

Most systematic,
 Rose Rothberg.

Most fascinating,
 Elsa Cook,
 Walter Caldwell.

Most executive ability,
 Bess Pound,
 Isidore Rothberg.

Best dancer,
 Eva Kelly,
 Walter Caldwell.

Biggest grind,
 Grace Srager,
 Matilda Srager,
 Walter Hammond.

'08 Prize Winners

The Class of 1908 has captured its share of prizes during the four years of its life in Plainfield High. To see is to believe!

NAME.	SUBJECT.	PRIZE.	DATE.
Donald Cameron Mortimer,	American History	1st	1904
Eva Corsa Kelly,	American History	1st	1904
Donald Cameron Mortimer,	Bookkeeping	1st	1905
Marjorie Mae Brown,	French II.	2nd	1906
Esther Barton Crampton,	German I.	1st	1906
Esther Barton Crampton,	Cæsar	1st	1906
Charles Henry Line,	Typewriting	1st	1906
Donald Cameron Mortimer,	Stenography	1st	1906
Matilda Srager,	English Composition	2nd	1906
Eleanor Ackerman Tompson,	Typewriting I.	2nd	1906
Roy Clifton Whitall,	Cæsar	2nd	1906
Esther Barton Crampton,	German II.	1st	1907
Esther Barton Crampton,	Cicero	2nd	1907
Carola Edna Hart,	Mathematics	1st	1907
Leslie Noltz Leland,	Typewriting I.	2nd	1907
Leslie Noltz Leland,	Stenography I.	1st	1907
Charles Henry Line,	Typewriting II.	1st	1907
Donald Cameron Mortimer,	Advanced Stenography and Typewriting	2nd	1907
Percy La Barre Mygrant,	French II.	1st	1907
Grace Srager,	English Composition	2nd	1907
Roy Clifton Whitall,	Mathematics	2nd	1907
Roy Clifton Whitall,	German II.	2nd	1907
Carola Hart,	Bookkeeping	2nd	1908
Donald Mortimer,	Amanuensis	1st	1908
Eleanor Thompson,	Amanuensis	2nd	1908
Sara Sanderson,	English Comp.	1st	1908
Percy Mygrant,	Senior French	1st	1908
Marjorie Harris,	Senior French	2nd	1908
Elsa Cook,	Junior French	1st	1908
Marjorie Brown,	Sophomore German	1st	1908

"The class of 1908 'as never done things by 'alves; 'ale and 'earty from the 'air of their 'eads, haround which hare 'alos; to the 'eels of their 'oofs; halways without 'urry, they 'ave 'ammered their way and with the might of their 'ands 'ave halways 'elped hothers haround them, hand their hinfluence 'as halways 'elped to make the school life a 'appy one."—George Broadbent.

Pueresque

The chairman rose to speak. A suppressed excitement settled over the room—only here and there could be seen a girl idly manicuring her finger nails or primping her hair, or a boy leisurely chewing a pencil.

"The business to come before this meeting," said the chairman earnestly, "is to elect a class president—an individual absolutely devoid of feeling, who unflinchingly stands as a target for all blame and criticism, who works like a slave, tactfully salves the ruptures of a turbulent class and graciously accepts delightful ignominy as his reward."

Plainly the business was of no ordinary consequence, and as the speaker paused for nominations, a deathly silence fell over the room. In a corner a determined looking individual finally summoned courage to break the pall-like stillness.

"I nominate Mr. Henry Johnson," was all that he said.

The chairman brightened and a relieved expression stole over his clear aquiline features.

"Um—er—let me see," he said slowly, "does Mr. Johnson belong to any fraternity, sorority or club—um—er—composed wholly or in part of high school students?"

"He belongs to a church sewing circle—that is all."

"Does he love his sewing circle better than his class?"

"His class is of primary importance, and foremost in his affections."

"Is his clothing bedecked, or specially marked by any jewelry, other than that absolutely required by the normal man?"

"It is not."

"Are his pedal extremities encased in ungainly, yellow, cowhide boots?"

"His feet are dressed in black tie shoes."

"His scholarship—is he above B+ in three subjects?"

"His lowest mark is A—"

"Does his headgear consist of anything other than a straw hat, a derby or a simple cap?"

"He wears a plain blue cap."

"Is his hair dressed, cut or pompadoured in any unusual style?"

"It is parted in the middle and glued down to a glisten."

"One more question—as to his neckwear—"

"He wears a high collar and a knitted tie."

A look of keen disappointment fell over the face of the chairman, but he turned resolutely and manfully stifled his feelings.

"I'm afraid," he said slowly, "that this will be a constant invitation to other students to wear similar neckties and high collars. It is absolutely harmless now, but it is apt to lead other boys to not only wearing fancy neckties and high collars, but fancy socks and so on. We must guard against the entrance of the evil. I guess," and he faced the class heroically, "we'll have to do without a president."

The meeting was adjourned in a hum of excited conversation; the girls paired off in twos to go home, and in the lull the boys divided in groups and went out to see a five man interclass baseball game, while the chairman gathered his books together and started homeward.

The Debating Society---Born, Prospered, Died Under '08

BY KATHARINE H. GRAY.

When the class of 1908 entered the High School as Freshmen, one of the first things that the ever active members of this class noticed, among whom are G. H. Fisher, Jr., Orlando Lounsbury, Sallo Kahn, Percy Mygrant, and Isidore Rothberg, was the absence of a Debating Society. Immediately Mr. Fisher and Mr. Kahn proceeded to stir up an interest in this very valuable adjunct of school life.

During the first two years of its existence this institution was not very active, indeed the interest manifested in it was so small that it would have discouraged anyone. Very often the only person present was the persistent and untiring president, George H. Fisher, Jr. But the indomitable spirit of the above mentioned young men overcame all obstacles. Thru liberal advertising and personal persuasion the society steadily grew, until now when the class of 1908 is about to leave the school the debating society thru its influence has become one of the strongest organizations connected with the school.

"I have not come in contact with the Senior class, but I have felt their meaning to the school; I wonder how the P. H. S. can get along without them."—Miss A. C. Walrad.

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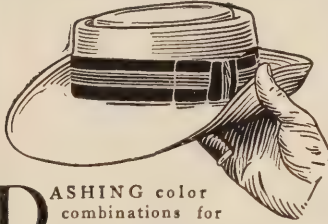
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